A Growing Girl

Story by Allan Green

Illustrations by Ed Lundt

"Ladies and gents...I now present to you ...for the first time anywhere... BESSIE! THE WORLD'S LARGEST COW!"

This was the moment we had all been waiting for. Personally, I thought the whole idea of touring a dairy farm was corny as hell, but Lori really wanted to go and talked me into it. At this point I have to admit that even I had gotten caught up in the suspense, waiting restlessly to see Bessie. Of course, they had saved this—the only interesting part of the tour—for last.

"Just how big could this cow be, anyhow?" I wondered, "It couldn't be all *that* big."

Lori and I looked at each other, and we both burst into laughter; I guess the silliness of the tour was getting to her, too. As we laughed, I admired her sparkling green eyes, her charming smile, and the way her full, pointy breasts were shaking, braless, within her billowy blouse. With some difficulty, I directed my attention back to the leader of our group.

The tour-leader—a skinny, old man in overalls who looked and talked like your typical "Farmer Brown"—pushed a button on a control panel. Huge curtains began to part in front of us, revealing the biggest damned cow—no, the biggest *animal* I had ever seen in my life! It was bigger than an elephant!

"As you can see, folks," Farmer Brown continued," Bessie here is just a tad larger than your ordinary cow..."

This drew nervous chuckles from the small crowd; they all seemed to be intimidated by Bessie's monstrous size.

"... Bessie stands about 40 feet tall at the shoulder. That's about the height of a two-story house, folks! Not only that, but she's still growing! As I'm talking to you, Bessie is gaining weight at the incredible rate of 20 pounds per hour—and you'all thought *you* had diet problems!"

That brought a big laugh from the crowd, but it made me horny: I've always been attracted to fat women. Lori was plump, but I dreamed of having sex with a really huge woman. This was why the idea of a cow gaining 20 pounds per hour made my cock get hard: I imagined that it was Lori gaining all that weight, packing on pounds by the minute! I had tried to get Lori to gain fill out a little, but she was determined to lose weight, not gain it. I didn't want to push her into anything, so I left it at that. *C'est la vie*. With my fantasy bubble burst, I turned my attention back to Farmer Brown.

"Bessie's the result of over a decade of bio-engineering by the fellas in Greenwood Dairy's research department—lord love'em—and she can produce upwards of 240 gallons of milk in one hour! Now, who would like to sample some, straight from the udder? Come on, folks, don't be shy... aw, now, one of ya's got to be brave!" Farmer Brown wasn't having much luck with his audience; everyone was waiting for somebody else to volunteer.

"Ah, here's a brave young'un! C'mon up here young lady!"

I looked around to see who had volunteered—it was Lori! She smiled and waved to me as she made her way through the crowd.

"Well, now, what's your name?" He held the microphone towards Lori.

"Lori."

"Well, Lori, are you ready to take on Bessie?"

"Yeah, I guess so!"

Farmer Brown walked Lori over to the tremendous udder that was hanging heavily from Bessie's belly. The teats that hung down off of it were obscenely phallic; each one seemed to be about one foot wide, and five feet long! Farmer Brown took hold of one of the monster appendages with both hands, and aimed it at Lori's mouth.

"Open wide!" he said. He squeezed, and a thick stream of milk shot out from the giant teat. Instantly, Tammy's ? open mouth was filled to overflowing with milk; what she couldn't gulp down poured out of her mouth and spilled down her chin. She leaned forward, so that it splashed on the ground, instead of her clothing.

Just then, two men came running straight towards Farmer Brown. They were dressed like Secret Service agents: dark suits and ties, dark glasses. They practically tackled Farmer Brown, each one grabbing an elbow and dragging him off to one side, while the poor old guy protested.

"Hey! What is this? Get yer hands off me, ya' hooligans!"

Lori was left standing up there all alone. Sheepishly, she slipped back into the crowd, eventually joining up with me.

"What's going on?" she asked me.

"I don't know."

I could see the "Secret Service" men, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. They seemed to be reprimanding Farmer Brown about something, while he appeared

huffily bewildered; then, his expression changed to one of remorse, as though he had done something terribly wrong. There were murmurs amongst the tour-goers: nobody understood what was going on.

Finally, Farmer Brown came back to his microphone, looking haggard and shaken. He mopped his brow with a handkerchief, while the men in the dark glasses watched him like hawks.

"Uh, folks....I've just been informed, by these men from security....that I am not allowed to give out samples of milk from the experimental cow, because—"

The security men got ready to tackle him again. He quickly and nervously corrected himself:

"F-for reasons that I'm not at liberty to discuss. Well, that ends our tour for today....please exit at the door to the left, and have a nice day."

Farmer Brown managed to squeeze out a wan smile.

"So, what did you think of the show?" I asked Lori as we left the dairy.

"Oh, it was fine...fine..." her voice trailed off.

"*Fine* ? Didn't you think that what happened back there was strange?"

"Huh? What?" She was grinning from ear to ear and staring off into space.

"Hey, are you feeling okay?" I asked.

"I feel better than okay...I feel grea-a-a-at!" She started giggling.

"What's so funny?" This question only made her burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't know," she managed to gasp between fits of laughter,"but I love it!"

I rolled my eyes heavenwards.

"Lori, you're the only gal I know who can get drunk on milk!"

"...drunk on milk? I LOVE it! You're so FUNNY!"

More giggles.

"Yeah, I'm hilarious...now, get in the car, you rascal!" I had never seen Lori act like this before, but I didn't mind; in fact, she was cute as hell!

I kept hearing little giggles coming from Lori as I drove her home. She didn't say anything—she just kept giggling. I was concentrating on the road, so I wasn't talking much either. We continued this way—me driving, she giggling—for over an hour.

"OOOoooo! LOOK!" Lori squealed suddenly.

I turned to glance at Lori. I was going to ask,"What is it?", but all I could do was stare at her with my mouth hanging open in disbelief. I was staring in such astonishment, that I forgot to watch where I was going—I panicked and swerved off the highway, onto the shoulder of the road. We came to a dead stop. Lori was unfazed.

"Look at how BIG my titties are!" she giggled.

"Titties" wasn't the right word for what I was gawking at—these were *monsters* ! Her full-blown bosom jutted out a foot in front of her. Her blouse—which had hung loosely only an hour ago—was now filled to bursting with tit-flesh, the fabric straining to contain her twin globes. I could see her stiff nipples sticking out through the material. Lori was running her hands all over her newly-enlarged bust, caressing it with playful glee. She kept glancing at me—little, flirtatious glances—as she played with them.

"Wanna see 'em naked?" she teased. Before I could answer, she stripped off the blouse, pulling the stretchy material up and over her big tits. They bounced into view.

"Oh, God..." was all I could say.

They were huge—each breast was as big and round as a basketball. Her giant jugs were so swollen, that a pattern of purple veins showed through the thinly stretched, milk-white skin. Her nipples had grown, too: thrusting forth from the centers of her boobs, they were now as big as thimbles, with aureolas that were as big around as the palms of my hands!

I couldn't understand how her tits had gotten so big, but I didn't need to understand; I only needed to suck and squeeze them—but not with everybody on the expressway watching! Already, curious drivers were slowing down to see what was going on.

"Lori! Cover yourself, for chrissakes!" I wrestled the stretchy blouse back down over her gigantic jugs.

"Aww, you're such a spoil-sport!" she pouted.

I pulled back onto the highway, driving fast; I was excitedly anticipating the moment when we would get home—and I would get my hands on her lushly bloated breasts! She seemed to be even hornier than I was—she was squeezing her overgrown gourds, pinching the protruding nipples through her blouse. She bit into her lower lip, as though she was enduring exquisite sexual tension; I had never seen her so intensely aroused.

"STOP HERE!" she yelled.

"WHAT?! WHAT?!" I slammed on the brakes, and the car screeched to a halt.

"I have to get some things from this store," she announced, matter-of- factly.

"You almost got us killed, for that?" I fumed.

Lori's eyes narrowed. She glared at me like a wild animal, preparing to strike.

"IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!" she snapped. I was shocked to find myself cowering before her, like a frightened mouse!

"O-okay, okay! Do whatever you want!"

Lori smiled with self-satisfaction; she got out of the car and strutted to the store, proudly thrusting out her huge chest. I sat in the car, confounded by all that had happened, and waited for her to return.

A few minutes later, I saw Lori come out of the store, laden with grocery bags; she seemed to be struggling to carry their weight. Opening the car door, she dumped the bags into the back seat. I examined their contents.

"Milk, cream, milk, milk....more cream, more milk....Lori, what are you going to do with all this stuff?"

"Why, drink it of course, silly!" As if to prove her point, she hauled out a one-gallon bottle of milk, yanked off the cap, and started chugging it down.

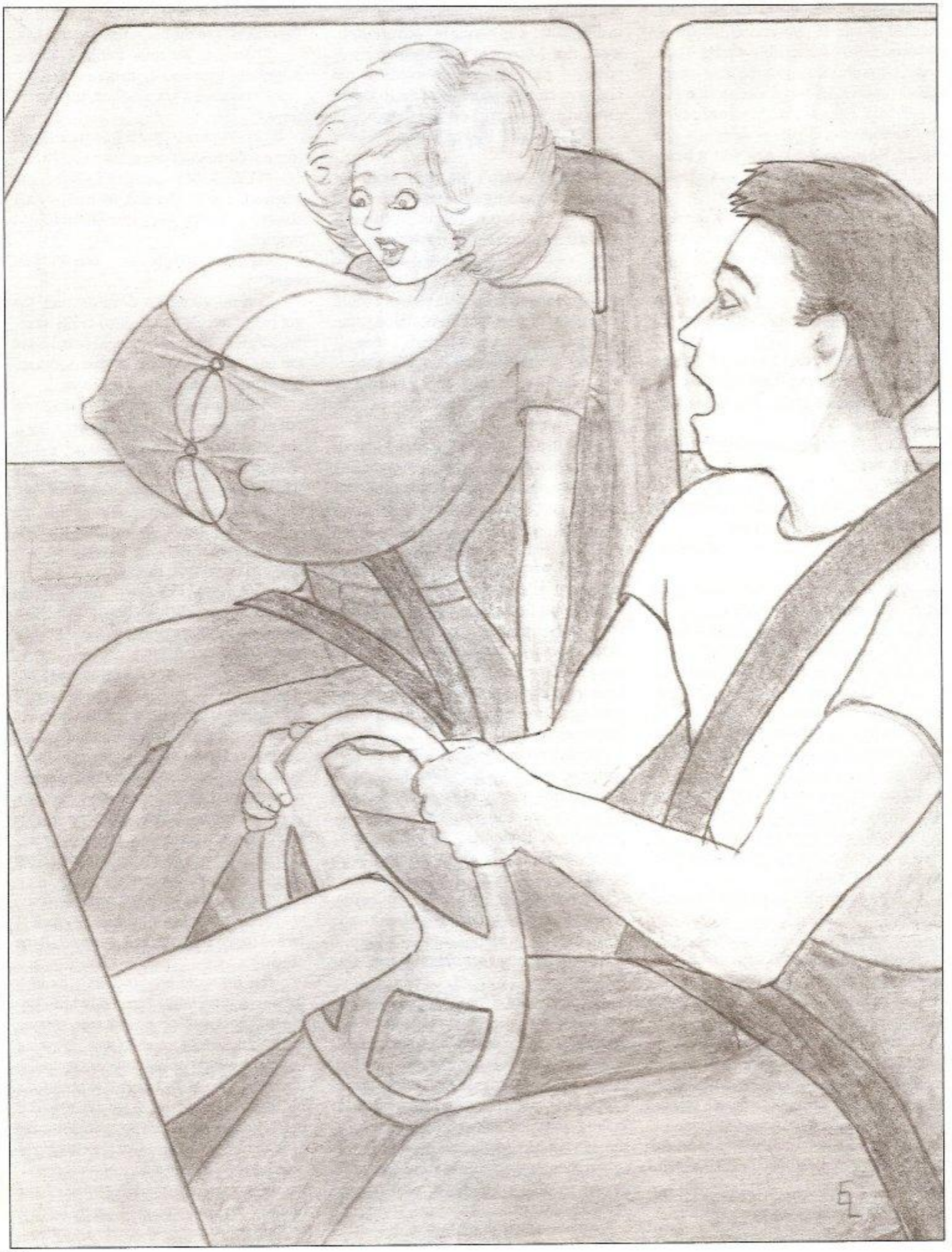
"Yes....yes....milk," Lori moaned between guzzles. She kept moaning and squeezing her bulbous boobs, like a woman possessed; she had already finished half the bottle! Was it my imagination, or were her breasts even larger than they had been just a few minutes ago? I was too horny to question her further—I just put the car in gear and drove towards home....fast.

I heard a creaking sound, coming from somewhere inside the car.

"What's that noise?" I asked Lori.

"They're heeere!" she laughed. I turned to see what the hell she was talking about.

Her tits were growing. Inch by inch they expanded, while I gaped in astonishment. The creaking sound was coming from her blouse, which was groaning under the weight of her burgeoning boobs; it gapped open at the buttons, exposing the bulging curves of her huge breasts. Her pillowy cleavage puffed up, rising from the neckline of her blouse like two loaves of bread-dough. The pressure of her expanding chest blew off the top button of her blouse; the garment split open further, spilling out more of her swelling cleavage.



Her breasts were now the size of watermelons, yet her huge bosom continued to grow, heaving larger and larger in front of her. The second button popped off, and I realized that soon the flimsy clothing would burst, exposing her giant tits to the world. Fortunately, we were almost home: I could see the house up ahead.

I pulled into the driveway and hurried to get Lori out of the car while her humongous tits were still covered—minimally—by her rapidly deteriorating blouse.

"Are we going bye-bye?" She went into another fit of giggles.

"Yes, that's right, we're going bye-bye." I grabbed her left arm, and helped her out of the car. She staggered to her feet, but her top-heavy torso caused her to fall off balance; I steadied her by draping her arm across my shoulders—god, she'd gotten heavy!

I got Lori through the front door (somehow), and plopped her down onto the sofa. The impact popped off the few remaining buttons of her blouse, and her overgrown boobs came bouncing out into view, in all their naked glory. It was then that I fully appreciated just how big her breasts had become: they were absolutely *gargantuan*—they had to be the biggest tits in the world! They were shaped like watermelons, but they were bigger— much bigger. They drooped heavily from her chest; they were so huge, that their round bottoms rested in her lap. The enormous breasts overflowed her thighs, their bulbous ends jutting out a few inches beyond her knees.

Lori's nipples had grown to the size of marshmallows; they swelled out of the bumpy expanses of her enlarged aureolas, which now stretched even wider across her inflated boobs. She leaned forward, taking the big nipples in her hands; she worked them like clay, kneading their spongy flesh between her fingers. Incredibly, as her nipples became erect, they grew even larger: they swelled and lengthened, until they stuck out two inches long.

I couldn't wait any longer; I dropped to my knees before her humongous tits, opening my mouth wide to suck on one of her fat nipples—but she quickly covered them with her hands.

"No-no-no," she teased, "not until you get the bags out of the car! We don't want all that lovely milk to go bad, now, do we?"

"Uh....no, I guess not. I'll go get them!" I said. Lori laughed tauntingly, as I ran to the car to do her bidding.

I lugged the heavy bags back to the house, marveling at how Lori had me wrapped around her little finger. She had me under the spell of her phenomenally huge breasts: with tits that big, she could make me do whatever she wanted!

I hauled the bags into the kitchen, only to find Lori sitting on the floor, eating, in front of the refrigerator. She sat cross-legged, with her tremendous jugs resting in her lap. The door of the frige was open, and its entire contents were laid out on the floor around her: a roast chicken; several two-litre bottles of soda; various leftovers, in plastic containers, and leftovers wrapped in foil; cheese, butter, eggs; tomatos, carrots, heads of lettuce; various jars of condiments....

I stepped over a chocolate cake, to see what was left in the frige: there was only the light bulb, and a box of baking soda; I had no trouble finding room to put away the groceries .

"Lori....what happened? Weren't you on a diet?"

"I got hungry," she said through a mouthful of food, but it sounded more like, "my gop mungbry". She was stuffing so much food into her mouth, that her cheeks puffed out. She was chewing and gulping down the food as if she were famished, yet we had only eaten a few hours ago. Of course, I wasn't complaining about Lori's new eating habit—I was thrilled that she had gone off her diet; I hoped that she might finally gain some weight. Even though I was desparate to suck on her swollen breasts, I didn't interupt her food orgy: I was allowing her to stuff as many calories into herself as she desired.

I watched in amazement as Lori devoured all of the food that surrounded her, down to the last morsel. She held an empty sour cream container over her mouth, and licked out its creamy remnants. When she was finished with it, she let out a loud burp, and tossed it on the floor with the rest of the empty containers; there was litter all over the place.

"Mmmm....that was goood," she sighed with satisfaction. She leaned back on her hands, and her huge breasts rolled to her sides, revealing her food-stuffed belly—Lori looked like she was nine months pregnant! Her overfed belly bulged out above the waistband of her jeans, with the skin stretched shiny-smooth.

"I....I feel....funny...." she said. Her face had lost its satisfied expression; she had become as pale as a ghost.

"Uh-oh....you're not going to be sick, are you?" I figured that this was highly probable, considering how much she had eaten.

"....and my pants....they're so tight!" Lori whined.

The snap on her jeans popped open.

"I-I'm getting BIGGER!" she gasped. Her eyes went wide, as she watched her belly expand; it pushed forward, forcing open the zipper of her fly.

I almost pinched myself, to make sure I wasn't dreaming—Lori's entire body was filling out, right before my eyes! It looked as though the rest of her body was trying to catch up with her gigantic boobs: her arms were plumping up, and her face was growing rounder and fuller. Her crossed legs swelled and unfolded like inflating pontoons, until they stuck straight out in front her.

BANG! The seams of her pants-legs exploded, tossing loose bits of thread up in the air like confetti. Soft thigh-flesh swelled out from the opened seam, as her legs grew even fatter—and longer! Her calves extended beyond the torn cuffs of her jeans.

BANG! The seat of her pants burst apart, dumping her huge, round ass onto the floor. She was now completely naked; the shreaded remains of her jeans lay squashed beneath her immense bottom. Her ass had grown so big and fat, that it looked like she was sitting on two enormous pumpkins—and those pumpkins were growing bigger by the second! Her ballooning ass buoyed up her torso, hoisting it higher and higher into the air. Her ribcage also expanded massively, lifting up her drooping boobs until they were thrusting out like torpedos.

By the time Lori had finished growing, she was gigantic! She was still sitting in front of the frige, but now her hulking body covered most of the kitchen floor.

"Ohh...w-what happened?" Lori said dizzily. She rubbed her eyes with her fists. She glanced down at herself, and her eyes opened wide.

"Wowww....I'm so big!"

She stood up slowly, looming taller and taller before me. She straightened up to her full height, and the top of her head pressed against the ceiling. I found myself staring, point-blank, at her belly-button—Lori had grown into a giant!

As I looked up at her mountainous figure, I suddenly understood everything that had happened—her strange behavior, the growth of her breasts—and now, the growth of her entire body: it all must have

been caused by the milk that she drank from Bessie the cow. That single dose of genetically altered milk was throwing her whole system out of whack—transforming her into Bessie's human counterpart. There was no telling how big she might grow!

Lori seemed to be adjusting to her transformation amazingly well; in fact, she seemed to be getting off on it. She was smiling, and her were eyes alive with excitement.

"Wowww...I'm gigantic! Look at how big I am..."

She gazed sexily down at me, patting her bulging breasts.

"...and look at my tits...they're so big and full," she cooed, "wouldn't you like to suck on them?"

"Yes! I'd do anything to suck them!"

"I'm glad to hear that," she smirked. "You can start by cleaning up this mess!" She pointed to the wrappers and containers that were strewn across the floor.

"What th—but—that's *your* mess!" I sputtered, "why should *I* clean it up?"

Lori grabbed the front of my shirt with one hand, and hoisted me off the floor. She held me up, close to her face.

"Because I'm bigger than you—that's why!" She lowered me to the floor, punctuating her comment by gently butting me with her huge belly; as slight as the motion was, it sent me stumbling, backwards, across the room. I grabbed onto the stove, to keep from falling.

After Lori's demonstration of her size and strength, I was too intimidated to disobey her; I plodded over to the pile of litter, and began picking it up, piece by piece. Lori laughed victoriously; she leaned back against the kitchen cabinets with her arms crossed, gloating over me as I worked. I was throwing out the last piece of garbage, when I felt Lori's hands on my shoulders; she whirled me around, so that I was facing her.

"You did a good job on the floor," she said, "Let's see if you can do as good a job on me..." She pushed down on my shoulders with her powerful arms, and I dropped to my knees. She straddled me, her pussy hovering above my face; I saw that her cunt had swollen to twice its original size. She bent at the knees, and her huge pussy descended on me. I felt her moist pussy-flesh spreading over my face, and her big, soft thighs squashing against the sides of my head. Lori began sliding her fat pussy all over my face; my head felt like an apple that was being polished.

I felt cool air against my face, as Lori lifted her steamy cunt off of me. When I looked up, all I could see was her gargantuan body, towering over me; her jutting boobs and belly dominated my view. I stood up, staring in awe at the smooth undersides of her blimp-like breasts; her bloated watermelons stuck out three feet in front of her. Her erect nipples pointed straight ahead; they were as big as my thumbs, only thicker. Lori pinched and pulled her thick nipples; she started squeezing and kneading her enormous, firm tits with both hands. I felt a drop of liquid fall on my face...then another...and another. It was milk! Lori was giving milk!

"My breasts are so full...so full of milk...see how tight the skin is?" She stroked the sides of her swollen melons. "I'm going to let you suck them now—on one condition."

"What is it? I'll do anything!" I was dying to suck on her thick teats!

"You have to suck out every last drop of milk from my big tits...think you can handle it?" She teasingly ran a finger around and around one of her distended nipples.

"Yes!"

"...and you promise to suck them dry?"

"FOR GOD'S SAKES, YES! I PROMISE!" I cried out.

"Then, suck my tits...if you can!" she giggled. She bent over, and her giant udders came plummeting down towards me—they socked me in the face, knocking me to the floor. Lori laughed as I struggled back up on my feet. Her oversized jugs bobbled just above my head, dribbling milk all over me. Those big, tempting nipples were hanging at the perfect height for me to suck on them—but every time that I tried to do so, she pulled them out of my reach. She giggled as she toyed with me, her swollen teats bobbing like fishing-lures, above my open mouth.

Finally, Lori allowed me to reach her huge nipples—I clamped my lips around one of them. Her giant jugs were so engorged with milk, that they overflowed the moment my lips touched her nipple, filling my mouth with milk. It tasted as sweet and thick as a milkshake, but it was warm—almost hot—as it slid down my throat. She raised her milk-heavy breasts, just high enough to keep me standing on my toes.

Her flow increased. The milk had been dribbling out before, but now it gushed into my mouth so fast, that I had to gulp rapidly to keep from drowning in it. I sucked and sucked on her gushing teat, but no matter how much of the creamy fluid I swallowed, I couldn't seem to drain her huge tit; it was as if she had an endless supply of breast-milk.

Lori stood abruptly, and her nipple slipped out of my mouth.

"You have to come into the living-room with me, now," she ordered. "I'm getting too big to fit in here!" It was true. She was now even larger than she had been at her ceiling-stretching height, only an hour ago! She was now so tall, that she had to bend over—she had to be fifteen feet tall! Her hips were so tremendous, that I wondered how she would ever again be able to get through the kitchen door.

My question was answered, when she placed a hand on either side of the doorway, and leaned her fantastic weight against it: the entire wall buckled and crumbled, in a crashing cloud of dust and debris. Lori sauntered through the gaping hole, as though she did this every day; I sheepishly followed her. The house shook as she walked.

Once inside the living-room, Lori turned to face me; she grabbed her long nipples, pointing them at me like a pair of six-shooters. She squeezed her loaded teats, shooting a heavy shower of milk all over me. My clothes were saturated, clinging to me like wet tissue paper.

"Aww...now look at you, you're all wet," Lori scolded. "We can't have that, now, can we? Let's get you out of those wet things, and into something...comfortable," she said, rubbing her enlarged pussy.

She peeled the wet clothing from my body, piece by piece. I trembled, partly because of the chill air against my milk-soaked skin, but more so out of fear—Lori was immense! She undressed me like a toy doll, but I didn't dare object: now that she was so big, I feared that she might decide to squash me like a bug!

I stood naked before her. She pushed me to the floor and squatted over me, slowly lowering her tons of flesh towards my erect cock. I gasped with pleasure, as her giant pussy swallowed up my cock and balls in one gulp. She sat down on top of me, her pounds and pounds of soft ass and belly squashing and spreading out against my body, until everything between my chest and my knees was engulfed in her flesh. She moved, slowly up, slowly down, on my hard cock. I was aching to come—my balls were so swollen, that they felt like they

were ready to explode.

She stopped moving. I tried to move my hips, but I couldn't: I was pinned under about a thousand pounds of Lori.

"I'm not going to let you come yet," she said, "you didn't keep your promise."

"What promise?"

"You promised to suck my breasts dry...remember?"

"B-but you have too much milk... I couldn't possibly finish it all!"

Her eyes narrowed; she put her hands on her hips, and thrust her giant breasts out defiantly.

"That's too bad: a promise is a promise!" She dropped her monster tits in my face, forcing a swollen teat between my lips. Fresh torrents of hot milk gushed into me, burning a trail down my gullet.

She pumped gallons of milk into me, for what seemed like an eternity. My stomach was bloated to capacity; I felt like I had eaten an eight-course dinner. Just when I thought I couldn't drink another drop, Lori pulled her slippery-wet nipple out of my mouth.

"Thank god!" I said, catching my breath, "I thought I'd never finish all that milk!"

"You haven't...yet. I'm just switching breasts—you still have one more to go!" she said, thumping her huge, milk-engorged melon.

"Lori, please," I pleaded, "I'm absolutely full! I can't drink anymore milk—I just can't!"

"Hmmm...I'll be the judge of that..." she forced the nipple of her other huge boob into my mouth, and filled me to overflowing. I choked and gurgled on her milk, as it spilled out of the corners of my mouth. She pulled the nipple out.

"You're not making this very easy. I can see that we're going to have to try another approach." She picked up the telephone, the receiver disappearing from view in her giant fist.

"W-what are you doing?" I asked, afraid that she would hit me with the phone.

"You'll see," she said, holding the receiver to her ear. She dialed a number with her other hand.

"Hello, 'Pete's-a Pizza'? This is Lori Brown...fine, how are you...I'd like a delivery, please: two dozen large pizzas, with the works...a party? Yeah, we're having a party all right!" she said, winking at me.

"Do you still have those 32-ounce super-shakes? Great...send over eight of them, please—vanilla! How long will that be? Yes, I know it's a big order...I can wait. Do you remember the address? Yes, that's right. Thank you!" She hung up the phone, and reached over to turn on the television.

"Uh...Lori...this is kind of uncomfortable...will you please let me up, now?" I pushed against the bottoms of her enormous ass-cheeks, but I only succeeded in burying my hands in their immense, pillowy softness.

"No, I don't think so," she mused, "I think I'll just sit here for a while."

Lori was still sitting on me an hour later, when the doorbell rang.

"Come on in...the door's open!" she called out.

The delivery boy pushed the door open with his back; he was carrying a tall stack of pizza-boxes, and balanced dangerously on top of this stack were some large, plastic-lidded cups. The pizzas were stacked so high, that he couldn't see over the top of them.

"We're over here," Lori said, directing him. The boy struggled closer.

"...just a bit more...you're almost there...okay, stop!" she said.

The boy slowly squatted, and carefully lowered the stack of pizzas onto the floor. As he stood up, he finally caught sight of Lori, as she sat on me--stark naked and as big as an elephant.

"Won't you join us for dinner? I'm sure I can *squeeze in* one more!"

His eyes popped wide open, bulging out like ping-pong balls. The boy backed away, with his mouth hanging mutely open—then he turned and ran out the door.

"Gee, he sure was in a hurry," Lori remarked, "he didn't even let me pay him! Oh, well..." She opened one of the boxes, and picked up a whole pizza with one hand. She held it folded in half, as though it was a single slice, and began to eat...and eat...and eat...

I stared up at her big, smooth belly; it quivered and quaked, groaned and gurgled, as she stuffed herself. I gasped as I saw it stretch and expand—she was growing again! She was getting taller, inching higher by the second.

"Oooh, yes!" Lori trilled, watching herself grow, "I'm getting big... bigger...BIGGER!"

As she gobbled down pizza after pizza, her hips, ass, and belly overflowed, covering more and more of my body. Her soft flesh squeezed around my cock, which was still buried deep inside her juicy hole.

She was also getting heavier—her body weighed down on me like a pile of sandbags, and the floorboards creaked under her ever-increasing weight.

"Oof! Lori, please, get off... you're crushing me!"

Her huge tummy swelled forth, moving inexorably towards my face.

"Not until you make good on your promise!" she said. She was now so tall that, even in her sitting positon, she had to hunch over; her shoulders were pressing up against the rafters.

"But I already told you, I can't!"

"Then I guess I'll just have to keep eating, until you change your mind!" She picked up another pizza, and finished it off with a few, giant-sized bites. Immediately, she grew; her expanding body pressed between the floor and the roof like a hydraulic jack, crushing me harder than ever.

The sensation of her soft, heavy flesh weighing down on my cock and balls was overwhelming—I was going to come. My balls were being squeezed like oranges, and I could feel their juices rising up my shaft. I exploded inside of her, floods of hot cream bursting from the swollen head of my cock. I came over and over, my cock spurting and spasming, until my balls were thoroughly drained.

Suddenly, I heard a tremendous crash. I looked up—Lori was growing up through the roof! Broken bits and pieces of shingles rained down all around me, as first her head, then her shoulders, smashed through the top of the house. Her enormously fat belly grew even bigger and heavier, burgeoning forward over my chest...my chin...my nose...my eyes...

I was buried, from head to toe, beneath the flesh of my gargantuan girlfriend. Her flesh covered my face; I couldn't see or breathe. I struggled to pull myself out from under her, but it was no use—she was too heavy for me. I panicked, beating my fists blindly up against her overgrown body.

Lori lifted her suffocating flesh away from my face, and I gasped for air. She was holding her tremendous belly in her hands; I was just able to peek over the edge of her girth. Through the hole in the roof, I could see her smiling face high above me, floating against the sky. She looked like a goddess: her hair blew in the breeze, like a halo, illuminated gold by the sun. Beneath this vision swelled her titanic, milk-laden breasts, with their long, protruding teats, and beneath those breasts, her collosal belly rose up like a mountain.

I stared, in awe of her magnificence.

"Now," her voice boomed, "you will finish sucking my breasts!"

"But-" I began to protest. She dropped her immense belly over my face, smothering me again with her soft flesh. She held me under her, until my lungs felt like they would burst—then she lifted her belly, allowing me to breathe.

"You were *saying*...?" she threatened, holding her humongous belly a few inches above my face.

"I was saying...I'd be happy to finish sucking your breasts..." I muttered submissively.

"That's more like it!" she smiled. She backed away from my face, yet remained on top of me, making it clear that she wasn't going to let me up until I sucked her huge breasts dry.

"Oh, look...I almost forgot to drink my milkshakes!" she said, mimicking surprise. She picked up four of the quart-size shakes in each fist, the large cups looking like shot glasses in her oversized hands. She gulped them down four at a time—first the right hand, then the left. She threw the empty cups on the ground, and wiped her lips. She looked down at her huge boobs; she patted them a couple of times, then rested her hands on them...and waited.

Her tits began to quiver.

"You've been a naughty boy," Lori said, stroking her tremulous breasts, "you shouldn't have tried to break your promise..."

Her huge breasts began to ripple and shake, making loud, gurgling noises. They were getting bigger.

"...now I'm going to have to teach you a lesson..."

Her tits expanded, blowing up like balloons. They were bigger than beachballs, yet they were still growing.

"...I'm going to make you suck my tits..."

I watched in horror, as her huge baby-feeders grew gigantic with milk. Each of her giant globes swelled four feet wide. Her erect teats were now longer and thicker than my cock. They were already dribbling milk.

"...and I don't care if I drown you," she said, leaning over. Her enormous bosom descended on me. □